

OVERLAND JOURNEY  
TO  
CARSON VALLEY  
AND  
CALIFORNIA.



A "GRIZZLY."

BY H. H. BAKER.

SENECA FALLS, N. Y.:  
PUBLISHED BY F. M. BAKER.  
1861.

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Oliver Baker

*(Fannie H. Cowin.)*

OVERLAND JOURNEY

TO

CARSON VALLEY, UTAH;

THROUGH

KANSAS, NEBRASKA AND UTAH; ALSO, RETURN  
TRIP, FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO SENECA  
FALLS, VIA. THE ISTHMUS.

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BY HOZIAL H. BAKER.

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PUBLISHED BY F. M. BAKER.  
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YAZDANIL HOSSEIN

STATE, NEW YORK

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# OVERLAND JOURNEY TO CARSON VALLEY, UTAH.

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## A WORD BEFORE STARTING.

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No attempt has been made in the following pages to "write a book;" they are only the simple record of each day's experience during an overland journey through portions of Kansas, Nebraska, the country of the Pawnees, Sioux, Cheyennes, &c.; among the Mormons of Utah, and five months in Carson and Washoe Valleys, together with a Winter night's experience on the Sierra Nevada Mountains, a trip through California, and an ocean voyage home, via. the Isthmus.

The loss of my "Minute Book," near Placerville, California, (a loss which I much regret,) will render this work more meagre than it would otherwise have been.

The question may be asked why a man of my age—seventy years—should take such a journey, and mostly on foot? My answers are, concise and short. 1. I had long thought of California as a place where I might obtain the means to pay off my old outlawed debts. 2. I had an opportunity [apparently advantageous to go to Pike's Peak, and embraced it.

H. H. B.

SENECA FALLS, Jan. 1, 1861.

## THE START.

March 29, 1859, started, in company with my son-in-law, J. W. Rice, his brother Lewis, nephew Delex, John Black and L. P. Beebe. in connection with another company, consisting of Wm. Beckwith, Carlos Mills, Ira and Emerson Anabel, and others, from Manchester, Michigan, for Pike's Peak and country adjacent, which was reported to be teeming with gold. The adieus were brief—with many may be final. We arrived at Chicago same evening. This city is built upon low ground, and very muddy at times; but graced with many splendid edifices. Population is apparently about 80,000.

30th.—Spent in the city, and at four o'clock, P. M., started for Quincy, Illinois.

31st.—This morning on our way through Illinois. It has a level and apparently a rich soil, but scant of timber. Patches stand occasionally to show that some graces the plain. Farm-houses stand at a respectful distance from each other, looking like vessels at a distance on a smooth sea. There appears underneath the soil a strata of quicksand, which in a wet time causes the rails of the railroad to sink, as we with regret had to experience. We had to jump out repeatedly, to-day, and help raise up the locomotive or a car; sometimes off the track. "All aboard," and start again. After all the ups and downs, at 3 or 4 o'clock, P. M., we arrived at Quincy.

## APRIL.

1st.—*All Fools' Day.* We are now at the great Mississippi River, with its muddy waters. I washed my hands and face in the yellow stream. The city of Quincy stands on a bluff 200 feet high; but the industry of the inhabitants is fast reducing it. Population about 18,000 or 20,000.

2d.—Arrived this evening, by steamboat, at Hannibal, on the opposite side of the river. It rained, and we had hard work to keep the goods dry. Staid at Russel's, and paid fifty cents to sleep on the floor. Kept a guard of two men to watch goods, but the horses were put into stable. Population 16,000.

3d.—To-day got teams and goods on cars and started for St. Joseph. Soil, all along, first-rate. Timber: oak, honeylocust, bass, cottonwood and buttonwood. Plum and crab-apple bushes. Grape-vines climb to the tops of the highest trees. Vast prairies of good soil. But little wheat seems to be sown along this route. If the bottom of the Illinois railroad fell out, we were on one to-day which for care is commendable to all lazy persons, for we only crept along; and such jolting! It was a caution to all dyspeptic invalids. Sometimes the locomotive seemed to wheeze as if a violent cold had seized it, then it would start ahead as if chased by the coyote wolves; soon the wheezing would take place again. Some passengers laid down and slept as if at a bard public house. We crossed what is called Grand River—could see that the current moved a little. We made out to reach St. Joseph this afternoon. Large encampments of tents on the flat. Those encamped seemed to say they were going to stop until grass grew. We put up at a Dutch house to-night; no butter, until called for. Well, we must begin to keep our appetites, for we know not what awaits us at Pike's

Peak. We are now on the Missouri River with its peculiarly tinged waters.

4th.—To-day we spent in the city of St. Joseph. Population 8,000 or 10,000. Snow lies on the ground about one inch in depth, but fast disappearing. Collecting our outfit as well as possible, horses are hitched on the loaded wagons, drivers on their seats, the hissing steam is on the boat for a start, and all are eager to be on board. Such crowding; horses and wagons, mules and wagons, oxen and wagons, all loaded and crowded together as compact as possible. The bell rings, and we are soon under way for Belmont, five miles up the Missouri River, on the opposite side. The city of Belmont consists of a few scattered new houses perched on the bluff. To see the cavalcade from the summit of the bluff! Men and boys, wearing a girdle around their loins, containing revolvers and knives; others with double-barreled fowling pieces; yet others have rifles, with powder-horns and bullet-pouches slung by their sides.—Some few dogs partake of the excitement. Here, look ye, see this emigration starting for Pike's Peak. Soon lands the steamer to unburthen herself of her freight and to return again to bring on more. Now is the time to try men's souls, or horses', mules' and oxen's strength. Some have to unload, others add more team; but what a task to surmount the bluff!—Crooking and turning different ways; band-cartmen bracing vigorously to get their vehicles up to the top grade. Many must camp below the mountain to-night; others on the side. Whoever projected Belmont as the site for a city must have lofty thoughts in the future. Ascending the mountain, and listening to the jargon of voices, interlarded with oaths, one must have some idea of Babel of the ancients. Soon after dark (by hiring team after team, with the regular four-horse team,) found ourselves on the sum-



mit, among the dwarf oaks, ready for the first erection of our tent. Feeling among the brush we found fuel enough to cook our supper. The horses were tied, provender purchased for the night. Here was our first camp-fire; 1,111 miles from Seneca Falls. What a prospect before us! Little do we realize the vast distance we have to travel towards Pike's Peak or California. Every heart beats high with expectation. Gold is plenty—to be got for only the digging.

5th.—Wrapped in our blankets we all slept soundly last night and awoke this morning with renewed hopes of the future. Being out of bread, Delex and myself recrossed to St. Joseph, to-day, to buy some to start on. Where now were those sedate-looking men who were going to wait until grass grew before they started on their pilgrimage? When we arrived at St. Joseph, on looking on the valley, not a single tent was seen, all had gathered up and crossed over. On our return with bread, we soon got under way. The guard stood their ground well the past night. Many a keen pang will strike the heart before all return again. I was informed that a sickly-looking man on board when crossing over, died last night; so his journey was short, and he saved the trial that others will experience. I had remarked while on board of the boat, "That man cannot live long." Ah! who can ken the future? Some seem downspirited, others buoyant. The soft warm beds are left, the home voices are hushed from us. We have left, but when return again—if ever? Lips have been pressed that will never be pressed again. It is no fool of a jaunt we have to make. But such thoughts must be banished; no time now for reflection, we must be going on, for there must be no thought of returning without the pockets filled with gold. I must not talk aloud for fear of discouragement

Cheer up; the sweet notes of the birds are heard on our way. Traveled 20 miles, to-day, and encamped on Little Creek. I shot a rabbit—our first game.

6th.—Started ahead of our company, to-day, and traveled until noon, when the teams not coming up, concluded I had taken a wrong road, and, feeling hungry, I stopped at a house and got a piece of corn bread and butter, but after leaving the house the strong wind blew off the butter into the light dust. I went across, eight miles, to another road, then turning towards a little village I had before passed, called Troy, I met some hand-cart men, and enquired for the emigrant encampment. They replied, on Wolf Creek, about ten miles over on the other road. They said one of the teams had lost a man. I replied that I supposed I was the one. The sun was about setting, and ten miles was quite a stretch for me after dark. I took across the plain again, and about ten o'clock found them. They had encamped about noon, on account of feed, wood and water. Quite a number of teams were encamped among the thickets. Timber: black walnut, bass, ash, hackmatack, honey locust and sycamore. Game plenty: prairie hens, rabbits, quails and ducks. We killed a number. 20 mile to-day.

7th.—Laid over, on Wolf Creek.

8th.—Cross Cat Creek. Scattering little groves of timber. Camp on a little creek. Feed good, water sweet and wood plenty. 21 miles.

9th.—Start again. Plain monotonous. Cross Horseshoe Creek, or river. Arrive at Cork Creek and encamp. 23 miles.

10th.—Start again this morning, reach Big Nemahaw and encamp. 20 miles.

11th.—Crossed the Little Nemahaw and Blind Creek, and encamped on Elm Creek. 25 miles.

12th.—Crossed Vermilion Creek, Spring Creek, and arrived on the Big Blue River and encamped. Night before last we had a tremendous blow, which nearly capsized our tent, and this afternoon not only a hard blow but snow enough to almost blind a person. 22 miles to-day.

13th.—Snow this morning about an inch deep. This afternoon ferried over the river and started on our way, and encamped on Cottonwood Creek. Good camping; feed, wood and water plenty. 14 miles.

14th.—Started again; road rough, but generally dry. We crossed Little Sandy, and as I had traveled ahead of the teams, in crossing this river, a tree that was lying in the water turned and threw me in. The water was cold and I had a cold bath of it. I groped about some time before I found my gun. I sat myself on the sunny side of a hill and got somewhat warm. The team passed me, and I got warm in following them. We encamped on Big Sandy, where wood and water were plenty, but feed rather scarce. 15 miles.

15th.—Traveled on until we reached the Little Blue River and encamped. 14 miles.

16th and 17th.—Saturday and Sunday, encamped. Last night I slept cold; nothing but my overcoat about me. In rambling over ground where many had encamped before we arrived, I found a new axe and several bottles, one partly filled with whisky. It was lying under a heap of grass, for a pillow. Delex had an ounce of camphor gum, which was put in, so we had tincture of camphor for medical purposes. Emigrants had been in a hurry for Pike's Peak. Eastern people do up business very quick, but sometimes too quick for profit. I picked up a number of articles necessary for our use. Near by was a ranch. Those who drank could have liquor at 25 cts. per dram. Pawnees had been encamped here, but had

left from fear of Sioux, who were watching them to revenge a murder and theft. The Pawnees' encampment covered about ten acres of ground.

18th.—Started on this morning as usual, alone, ahead of the teams, and again struck the Little Blue River, having traveled 20 miles. Met a number of down-hearted men returning from their visionary "leads" of gold. Their reports make our company look sad; fears are felt, but each seems to keep his thoughts to himself. Signs of beaver on the river; large trees, 18 inches or more in diameter, have been gnawed down.

19th.—Started again this morning, and in passing a ranch I saw a notice posted up, "forbidding any person camping on this land, under the penalty of the law." I had traveled but a few rods farther when I saw a human skull on the top of a cane stuck in the ground. I took it up and stuck it under the notice, that intruders might know what law governed here. The form seemed delicate, and might have been a female, who had perhaps been murdered by the Pawnees, for it had not been lying there long. 26 miles to day.

20th.—Started on as usual, and after five miles walk, came to a ranch, where a number of Sioux were stopping. They were painted for war against the Pawnees, but readily shook hands with me. I purchased some raisins at the ranch, filled a bottle with water, and put half the raisins in the bottle, as I had some distance to travel over the plain without water. The chief first shook hands with me, the others followed; I then started on. I met some Sioux and others passed me. There seemed to be a great stir. I was several miles ahead of our teams and entering on the plain, when two young Sioux, mounted on ponies, painted for war, and having each a lance, galloped up to

me, dismounted, drove their ponies on ahead, and wanted "tobac." I told them old man did not eat tobac; tobac no good. They seemed to distrust that saying. One began to feel around me and discovered the bottle. That cheered him at once. He seemed to want to taste, so I took a drink, then handed the bottle to one, who took a sip, but found no whisky. I then handed it to the other, who tasted a little. Then they appeared satisfied. I then took the dry raisins out of my pocket and said to one—"You be good 'Soo?" He replied—"Me good." I then spoke to the other. He said—"Me be good 'Soo.'" I took the dry raisins, and dividing them into three parcels, said to one, "You be good 'Soo,' take raisins," giving him one parcel. I then said to the other, "Good 'Soo' take this parcel; now old man like good 'Soo,' he take the other parcel." They soon finished their raisins, which delighted them much. I said: "Good 'Soo' ride poney fast, he hunt Pawnee; old man want to see ride poney fast. He know 'Soo' catch Pawnee." They immediately jumped on their ponies, put on the string, and away they went, every once in awhile looking back. I raised my hand, and then they put on again, until out of sight. When I gave the raisins to them, they eat none until I began, when they commenced immediately, and burst out in a laugh. One took hold of my gun, I drew it away, saying, "Old man keep gun; Indian no touch it. 'Soo' painted for war with Pawnee. Indian have spear to fight Pawnee. Now Indian get on poney, ride on and fight Pawnee. 'Soo' brave, 'Soo' good; ride poney—now go! Old man see him ride." And away they started, as I before observed. Their lances were painted red and yellow, with hawks' or owls' feathers dangling. They had their bows and arrows ready for battle. The Sioux warriors paint their faces with a streak of

yellow, extending from the top of the forehead to the tip of the nose, and a streak of red or yellow across each cheek, giving them a frightful appearance. After awhile the teams came up and passed me. I had tampered so long with the young Sioux, I had lost ground, and the teams were one or two miles ahead. I saw seven antelopes, this morning, and conjectured they were deer of a new species. How beautifully they ran over the plain. After the teams passed me, twelve Sioux, mounted on ponies, painted and armed for war, came galloping on towards me. They wheeled down into a gulch, out of my sight, staid long enough for a consultation, then, one after another, came out and galloped on toward the wagons—turned suddenly around, jumped off their ponies and drove them on towards me. When within half a mile of me they came to a stop; after a consultation, mounted their ponies and rode rapidly towards the wagons; stopped, dismounted, while two, with whips, drove on the ponies ahead, the others following after. When they neared the wagons, all mounted and rode rapidly up to the hindmost wagon. I then hurried along as fast as possible, fearing the wagon would stop, for I knew we might then have trouble. But the wagons kept on and the Indians wheeled off to the left, two riding about half a mile ahead. It seems they were in pursuit of the Pawnees. They were soon out of sight. The Sioux are graceful riders. The weather became cold and chilly and continued so. We had to encamp on the plains, without wood, and no water except roiley water. What little wood we had in the wagon, together with the top side-boards, cooked our supper. The guard was set and the others went to sleep. The wind kept rising higher and higher, and yet we slept. Soon a shout from Delex, calling out—"Help! oh! help! the tent is going. I

have my feet against the ridge pole, (about seven feet from the ground,) and must let it go, unless all help to hold." He was partially awake and had set his feet against the upright post. After all, the tent was whirling at a fearful rate, and I expected to see it hoisted from the pegs in the ground. After awhile the gale slackened, and all went to sleep again. The large drops of rain came pattering down, then followed sleet and snow, and the guard was driven into the tent. 20 miles to-day.

21st.—This morning the snow had fallen about an inch in depth; and what a pitiful condition the horses were in, covered with a crust of snow and shivering as if they had the ague. The conclusion now was to start on the journey. Over night we had gathered "buffalo chips" and piled them up outside of the tent, and now they were soaked completely through. I, as usual, started on, with my gun on my shoulder; the weather cold. After traveling about two miles, Mr. Mills was sent express for me to return, and on our way back we met three of our company, determined to reach Fort Kearney. We remained encamped until noon, then concluded to start forward, and soon were under way again. Traveled on to Platte River. Paid 25 cts. for a small armful of wood, and, with some green willow brush, raised a fire and went to sleep. 10 miles.

22d.—Started again; reached Fort Kearney. Paid 50 cts. for my breakfast, which was the best meal for some time past. Waited for the teams, and found our three men, who had fared well for lodging and food. Four companies of troops are stationed here: one of dragoons, two of infantry and one of artillery, with ten brass field-pieces. Good order seems to prevail. As for fort, I saw no such thing, unless the buildings are bullet-proof. Old clothes, playing cards, bottles, oyster cans, sardine boxes, &c., grace the outer yard.

I started on again; passed a large wolf asleep on the plains. He awoke, and sneaked off. Towards evening saw large flocks of wild geese collecting together in different companies, to the number of several thousand in all; yet I could not get a shot at them, as the starting of one would alarm the rest. 17½ miles from Fort Kearney.

23d.—Started on again this morning. Alkali seems to be general along the Platte here. While at our breakfast six or eight Sioux huddled around us while eating, asking for biscuits. Their ponies are feeding around us, saddled and loaded, ready to start when we leave. The Platte has many islands, covered with cottonwood and willows. These islands are formed by the beavers cutting down timber, the freshets carrying it down until it meets an obstruction and lodges, the moving sand and gravel surround it, and the island is soon formed and a channel made on each side. In some places a man can almost walk across without wetting his feet. I killed a rabbit this morning. The Indians killed five buffalo, last week, by riding on each side of them, and first one and then another thrusting in a lance, until the brutes fell. Often a number pursue a single buffalo. I stopped at a lodge, to-day, where eight Sioux were jerking their beef, stuck on bushes near the fire and over it. The bony pieces are made into soup. The leg bones, and all that have marrow, are broken, the marrow taken out and cooked in the soup or broth. When thoroughly done, without pepper or salt, the kettle is set on the ground, when each one dips in his fingers, takes out what he chooses, then licks the grease and fat from his fingers. I was strongly urged to partake with them, but I had just eaten my breakfast, and thanked them for their invitation. One put his hand on my shoulder, saying, "Eat." A squaw at the same time put

her hand on my other shoulder, saying—"White man, eat." I "respectfully declined." "Then white man buy." This was vociferated by all. I found my best way was to clear out, and did so. Their food looked clean enough, and I saw the time afterwards when I would willingly have sat down and partaken. 20 miles.

24th.—Sunday. We are staying over to recruit the animals and rest ourselves. Visiting and examining the little islands, I came again to where the eight Indians and squaw were jerking their buffalo beef. They had their iron kettle on the fire, boiling the bones and marrow, without salt. Several spoke out, "How-da-doo! how-da-doo!" I had picked up a pipe, which I gave to one. He then wanted "tobac" and that I had not. Some of our company shot a large spotted snake. The end of the tail seemed to have a hard point, but on examining closely, it seemed to consist of little plates, shutting one over the other, which by shaking would give a low rattle. Four dragoons passed here, looking for their mules, which had been stolen from Fort Kearney last night. I strolled a short distance to a ranch that a young man had charge of. He said he had not eaten any bread for more than a year. I asked him why the low ground near by was called Plum Valley. He answered: "Because the plum bushes grow there." I replied that the bushes looked like the plum, but the flowers were in clusters, small and white.

25th.—Started on again this morning, traveled 24 or 25 miles, and at night had to use buffalo chips for fuel. Not being careful, left them out of doors (or tent) over night.

26th.—Last night and this morning the rain poured down powerfully, with an extremely cold air. Staid until noon, and as the weather got milder, we started on again, traveling 10 miles along the Platte.

27th.—Traveled 10 miles. Afternoon spent in baking. Wood plenty, also water and feed. Killed a duck and four black-birds. The river valley is filled with crovasses, and the water in the river is only shoe deep; current about three miles an hour. Killed a male prairie fowl, which kind I had been very anxious to obtain, in order to examine the bladder-like substance hanging under the throat, which is inflated when crowing. Now passing the Cheyenne (Shi-an) nation of Indians, who appear to be connected with the Sioux. We saw a buffalo near the mountains on the left hand. Mr. Dwight Plympton, (a gentleman who connected himself with our company a few days ago,) and an Indian who had followed us some distance, gave chase. When Plympton got within half a mile of the animal, the buffalo discovered him and put for the mountains. The Indian, on his poney, was half a mile behind Plympton. Now the race became interesting. Dwight got ahead and turned the buffalo down towards the plain. Now, thought I, there is a chance. I drew off the shot in my gun, and put down a ball. Alas! away went the buffalo up the mountain. I had noticed Dwight raise his arm, as if throwing something, then jump off his horse, who went like the wind, and the Indian coming up, pursued after it. Plympton had something he was holding on to as if it gave him constant business. The teams were stopped, and, with a shout, the young men were off full chase to meet him. On coming up with him, all hands took hold, and on they came, leading and driving something. Behold! what should it prove to be but a sleek buffalo calf, five or six weeks old. The legs were soon secured and it put on board of the wagon, to be butchered when we encamped. It appeared that the cow was poor, this accounted for Plympton's letting her go. We stopped on Cottouwood Creek, and

had the best of veal for supper. 15 miles to-day.

28th.—This morning started early. Left the Cheyenne nation. I had taken a couple of biscuits at starting, but meeting a hungry man, gave them to him. Half the afternoon had passed, and I felt extremely hungry. Directly I heard some one whistling behind me; on looking around, saw a young man on a poney, with something under each arm, which proved to be dried jerked buffalo beef. He said to me: "Unele, will you accept a piece of jerked buffalo beef. I have a piece that bothers me to hold." I thanked him, and he started on, whistling as cheery as ever. But I was sadly disappointed when I found it was dried so hard I could not eat a bit of it, my teeth being poor. I picked off a few scraps of fat, which seemed to allay my hunger. What made it more unpalatable, it had no salt. I still kept on, and soon met a tall young man, who had not eaten anything for two days past. 'I gave him the jerked beef, saying, "You have good teeth and can masticate the hard beef. Take it in welcome." He began to take off bit after bit, thanking me for it, hoping God would never let me suffer hunger as he had done; the tears coursing down his cheeks. I went on to Fremont Spring Brook, where teams came up and encamped. 20 miles.

29th.—Traveled 18 miles to day. I killed a duck and started an antelope.—Several shots were fired at him, but he escaped. Hundreds upon hundreds are coming from Pike's Peak, downcast, and bringing hard reports about the "diggins."

30th.—Started again. Saw ten antelopes, this morning, in different squads. Also three wolves, (one black,) and one deer.

## MAY.

1st.—Sunday; stayed over. Rained through the night. Again we see the returning emigrants; many begging for bread. Oh! it is a sad sight to see strong men become weak, lacking food. "Will you give me a piece of bread?" Oh! that word *bread*! No meat asked for; only bread. Some got, some did not; for "we would soon be in the same predicament in a short time."

2d.—Under way again this morning. Wolves were howling last night and this morning over what the emigrants had left behind. Rain last night and this morning. I saw a beautiful, white, star-shaped flower, to-day, growing close to the ground. Week before last I saw two yellow flowers, growing close to the ground, with leaves like the pink. But oh! here come more of the dejected, starving emigrants, returning from Pike's Peak and the adjacent country. The stampede is for home, if possible to reach such a place. Alas! some will never be gratified with that place, or gratify those who are expecting their return. They bade their final adieu when leaving home. Our company is now convinced that there is no hope of getting gold at Pike's Peak while such a state of things exists. If we go on, our provisions will soon be exhausted, and then how get along without nourishment? There is no doubt, from reports, that all is anarchy and confusion there.—Months must pass away before any labor can be performed. Then no prospect but to cross the South Fork of the Platte, for the North Platte, en route for California. This afternoon we had a most drenching rain, accompanied with lightning and thunder. We had to wade over the plains over shoe deep in mud and water. Most of our company have india-rubber overcoats and shawls, but I must take it as



it comes. I have no shield but the skin under the clothes. The rains are so cold; but no odds, I am in for it. We passed 20 or 30 lodges of Sioux. Their lodges are conical; made of dressed buffalo-skin, (hair inside,) well sewed together, with an opening in the centre for the smoke to pass out. The poles are inside, and spread at the bottom and narrowing at the top, so that the lodge is stretched tight, for shedding rain and snow. A hole is made in the side, with a flap for a door or shutter. We here crossed the river. Water swift and deep, but had to be forded. The leading team was unused, and turned off down stream, and some had to jump out and hold them against the stream; but after all, reached the shore in safety. Rain stopped, and we encamped on the shore for the night. Some stopped exercise and took cold; I kept on my wet clothes, kept busy, in getting wood, &c., took no cold, and my clothes dried before morning. Traveled 19 miles to-day.

3d.—Started this morning just as the sun was peeping over the eastern mountain. The little prairie songster (the lark) keeps up his note almost day and night. His dress is darker than in the States, east, and his note is somewhat different. Saw three antelopes this morning, and two more through the day. After traveling all day over the plain, we reached Ash Hollow, on the south side of the North Platte, within two miles of Ash creek, where it puts into Platte River. Within half a mile of its mouth there is a spring of cold water. Traveled 26 miles to-day. Now we meet no more Pike's Peak sufferers. Poor fellows! our not seeing them does not make their sufferings less. How often would they stop at our fire and lie down until the morning cold would drive them on their toilsome and hungry journey.

4th.—Some little excitement in camp to-day. It seems the cook had put beans

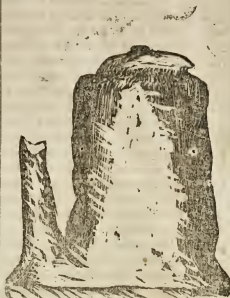
on cooking, and left the guard to watch them (as well as horses and Indians). He not being a professional cook, kept up a good fire, and plenty of water over the beans, presuming all was going on swimmingly. Not being acquainted with the smell of burnt beans, he could not distinguish. Behold! in the morning the cook (being acquainted) smelt burnt beans. His ire was up. He seized the kettle with a tremendous——! threw kettle and beans far away. I remarked that some were yet good; so I filled my dish with unburnt beans. One said the guard might have known better, if he had never cooked beans before. I found the majority was against the faithful guard, who had never burned a dish of beans before, or even cooked a mess. We sat down to a good dish of coffee, and light biscuit and bacon; the matter died away, and soon all felt as cheery as if we had never had a mess of beans burned. To-day we passed several graves. Some had monuments, with inscriptions; others none. The stones were rough; taken from the mountain. Some stated the former residence of the deceased. Here was and is their last residence. How many sobs, sighs and tears! And all hopeless. Fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, neighbors and friends. They never will see them again in life. Wives have received the last embrace; now their forms are laid away under this mountain cliff, among the Sioux Indians. Ah! the little one has felt the last kiss; Pa is taking his last sleep. With the living, Time will wear off their grief. We met thirty large wagons, with six yokes of oxen each, going to the States for goods. Saw five buffalos, one wolf and one antelope, to-day. What a tremendous blow we had, right in our faces, filling our mouths, noses, ears and eyes, with sand. Heaping up sand on every side, if you stop only a minute. If a man would drop down and lie a few

minutes, he would be covered over. Only 13 miles to-day.

5th.—Started again, this morning, on our toilsome journey. We took the precaution, to day, to put on, at Ash Creek, some red cedar wood for fuel. The Platte is here about half a mile wide. No wood but little willows. 24 miles.

6th.—Killed a large rabbit this morning. The Indian chief Red Plume was present standing before our tent. Two of his papposes, boy and girl, chased the rabbit up near our tent, but lost all their arrows. One of our company had a double-barreled fowling-piece, and shot two or three times at the rabbit and missed it. I then started out and soon routed the rabbit, who ran and hid himself behind a wormwood bush. As soon as he raised himself up to look, I drew on him and he tumbled over. I took him to the tent and gave him to the papposes, who took him home. The chief had been watching me and, when I brought the rabbit, said—"Old man good; old man gun good; Indian swap buffalo for old man's gun. Little gun be good." I replied—"Old man keep little gun for pappoose great way home." Two of our company seemed displeased with my giving away the rabbit. I replied, the papposes had driven it to our tent, lost their arrows, and were entitled to the rabbit and it was to our interest to cultivate their friendship. 20 miles to-day.

7th.—To day we concluded to stop and rest, as the teams had been on short allowance for several days. We are opposite Table or Court-House Rock, which appears only a mile or so from the road, but is in fact six or eight miles off. It looks like some ancient castle, and appears to have a cupola on top, also a tower near it, apparently 160 or 170 feet high, with a projection on one side, near the bottom. This is hollow, and some animal or animals den there. The top looks like a broken



COURT HOUSE ROCK, FROM THE ROAD.

shaft. The main rock appears to be 350 feet or more in height. As we nearly all had a desire to visit this stupendous, curiously-formed rock, some started, and after traveling several miles, mostly backed out, as they appeared to gain little or none on the distance. One rode around it, and but three ventured to it and inscribed their names on it,—Plympton Black and Beebe. They went on the top; I went so near that I could look over, and inscribed my name one layer or four or five feet below the top:—"H. H. Baker, Seneca Falls, N. Y., May 7th, 1859. Aged 70 years." The cupola at a distance looks very natural, but near by rather rough. The rock is composed of soft sandstone, and is easily cut. Every little chink and cranny, as we ascended, seemed filled with mosses, bearing the most delicate flowers of the richest tints. On the east side flows a stream of water, near the base of the rock, looking from the top like a thread of silver, and extending for a vast distance.



until lost to the eye. We had crossed this stream below, where it appeared quite large. On looking south, west, east and north, what a vast area of plain, perhaps 60 miles across, north and south, and 150 east and west. At a vast distance north and south, tufts of green, perhaps cedars, appeared. A horse or mule feeding on the plain, six or eight miles off, appeared the size of a cat. A person on the top of the rock, or near it, has a prospect the most grand, from the vastness of the distance each way. Every ridge and valley seemed teeming with the most beautiful flowers. Flora seems to have chosen this place to deck herself. Then, as you descend, new beauties arise before you; even on the most sterile parts of the rock, the mosses, with every tint of beauty, are around your feet. An antelope, feeding near the base, appears more like a tiny rabbit. On the west, you have a view of Chimney Rock, with its slim top, whose height is apparently on the same grade as the Court-House Rock and the distant bluffs. On the north, at a vast distance, lie the high bluffs; between is running the North Platte. The fire has passed over large patches of grass, yet much more is unconsumed. A black and green appearance where the fire has run. On the hill the rabbit is skipping, the wolf watching him. Then the myriads of little gophers have dug and are digging holes on every little mound and valley, together with the little prairie dogs and their attendants the little owls; so you often find your feet in their burrows. The little owl and dog make a low "chuck"-ing sound. When a gun is fired at one or both, how quick they are out of sight. Now where have they gone so quick? Wait awhile, then you will see a head pop up. It is the little dog; his tail nearly erect. Then comes the little bark, accompanied with a spasmodic jerk of the tail. Wait a little longer. Another

head peeps out of the hole, and soon you will see a half dozen or more chattering away. But stop; we are not done with Table Rock and its surrounding beauties. Near the base is the imitation pine-apple, looking for all the world like the imported, only rather slimmer. It is an evergreen, having long sharp prickles, like the cactus, and a hard, woody root, penetrating deep into the ground. Now for the rich floral beauty of the plain. Yellow, red, orange, blue, purple, scarlet,—the different varieties of cactus, with flowers of varying hue. Around the base of Table Rock are also little circles, with a band around each, as even as if a sweep had been used with a scientific hand. The borders are about four inches wide, of the common prairie grass. The middle of the "whirl" near the base of the rock is filled with those little moss flowers. Its diameter is 13 or 14 inches; but the farther you go from the rock the whirls increase, until six or eight feet in diameter. The larger whirls seem to have rather different species of flowers, with occasional moss flowers intermingled. In conversation with a Mr. Tennent, at Chinatown, I found he had noticed the peculiar way these whirls of sand are placed, but could give no reason why they were formed so, and the cause of the symmetry of their borders. My opinion is, that larger weeds once stood around the rock, and hard winds blew them down; the bottoms being moist, they were blown around as the wind circled around the rock; the surface wore away, and the seed of the mosses and other flowers were blown on the mellow surface, took root, and extirpated the larger weed. These whirls appeared only on the north or west side, except a few on the south side. There was an occasional hush of the wild wormwood within these circles. After viewing every other place of moment I tried to climb up to the project-

ing place before mentioned, low down on the south side of the tower rock. I discovered that some animal burrowed there, from seeing feathers, rabbits' fur, &c., protruding from their bed or nest. But I could not reach up to crawl in, nor find stones enough to pile up and enter the place with my gun, so I gave up the job and started for camp. It was well for me I did not go any farther in my examination of the den, as a lady in Salt Lake Valley informed me afterwards, that in the next train after theirs, a young man who was sitting on this rock and sketching, was seized by a grizzly bear, and before help came, was torn so that he just lived and that was all. Perhaps that was the kind of animal that occupied the cavern. It was drawing near night, and I had some distance to travel to reach the tent. After traveling half a mile from the rock, on looking back I seemed right under it yet. I hurried on about a mile, then turned around to look, and it appeared as if the rock stood over me. I then hastened over the ridge, hurrying towards the camp, and arrived there late in the evening, well satisfied with my excursion.

8th.—Sunday. Last night, as the sentinel was at his post, he was alarmed by hearing some animal coming up to the encampment. At first he thought it was an antelope, and cocked his gun; then supposing it to be a wolf, by the color, took aim, as well as he could, and just as he pulled, saw it was his dog,—threw up his gun at that moment, the ball just passing over the dog's back. So the poor dog was spared a little longer to hobble on with his sore feet. Not a soul was aroused by the report of the gun, and this was a caution to all to be more on the alert; the report of a gun was not to be depended on.

9th.—Started on again this morning. Passed Chimney Rock. Only two of our



CHIMNEY ROCK, FROM THE ROAD.

company visited it, Plympton and Beebe. There were so many rattlesnakes around it, they made but little examination. It is shaped like an inverted tunnel. Base large, and tapering up about half way, then slim and perpendicular. We have traveled, to-day, over hills 18 miles in all.

10th.—Started early this morning.—Passed an Indian ranch. I noticed on the plain, about four rods from the ranch, four forks stuck in the ground and sticks or brush laid across, with something laid on the top. I asked the Indian what was laid on that structure. He put his hand on his little boy's head and said—"papoose." Just then I saw a raven sail over the structure. A little Indian girl ran towards the place, when the bird flew away. It seems this is the way Sioux dispose of their dead, as I saw a number such after that. The structure was high enough to be out of the reach of wolves. This reminded me of the woman watching her dead children, slain by a wicked king. She watched them till the rains fell to rot the flesh from off their bones. Saw eleven antelopes to-day. 22 miles.

11th.—Started again this morning.—Waded Horse Creek. Water appeared as cold as snow water. I scarcely had any feeling in my feet and legs after I got through. Warmed at the ranch of a Frenchman, who had a squaw wife and papposes. Dog, pups, ducks and fowls, all belong in the house. Large herds of cattle, ponies, mules and horses, feeding on the plain. Passing dead carcasses of oxen. The flesh seems to dry on the bones, with the hides. It must be the dry purity of the air preserves the body. 18 miles.

12th.—To-day I am 70 years old, and on so distant a journey, so far from home! I yet carry my little gun, my constant and almost sole companion. I now must travel on borrowed time; three score years and ten is man's allotted time. No odds to me where I finish my course, so it is well finished. The little thrush is sweetly singing, the robin chirping. The mourning-dove's note is heard at a distance; how melancholy! Yet none so constant as the little lark. Day or night I hear its note. Traveled 18 miles.

13th.—We are in camp waiting for the snow to abate. Weather cold enough.—Hard search for fuel.

14th.—Started this morning, and arrived at Fort Laramie. Crossed Laramie River on the bridge, and paid \$2.50, when by going a short distance could have forded. Seven companies of soldiers are quartered here; six of infantry and one of dragoons. The troops generally look dejected. Well, they are far from home and society. Their employment is too monotonous in garrison. A young dragoon officer invited me into his quarters. I observed, he must enjoy himself, as I saw his music on the table. He replied—"As well as I can." His expression and look bespoke a mind ill at ease and showed a sad

heart. No telling whom he had left. My time was up, I bade him farewell and started on my weary journey. Poor fellow! you feel sad. I am old, and the scenes of life to me are short; you have a future before you, and I am sorry to see you sad. You may often think how that old man reached California; if ever. The wagons were up and ready, and I now on my way. 13 miles to-day.

15th.—Arrived at an old ranch; burnt, chimney yet standing. We have to stay over Sunday here. The willows are plenty, and the bluffs have plenty of pine and cedar. Wood and grass profuse; water plenty, but roiley. I hear the mourning doves; they are plenty in this region.—The robin, lark and ground-sparrow, are tuning their notes.

16th.—Started on again this morning. Bluffs rise rapidly; distant mountains capped with snow. Crossed Big Cottonwood Creek. Lewis, in crossing, lost his revolver,—one of the best in the company. Crossed Little Cottonwood Creek. Saw a large horn of the mountain sheep; larger than a buffalo's horn. The skull was large, but small in proportion to the horn. They lay in an empty ranch. 18 miles.

17th.—William Beckwith's horse stolen early this morning, creating a great stir in camp. Some charged the guard with sleeping on his post; but the charge did not produce the horse. Some started one way, some another, but found no trace. I enquired if they had followed the track. They replied—"No; for they did not see any track." I went where the horse had been tethered; the track was plain enough. He had been led down the bank, and up again, and on towards the mountain; then obliques over the creek and along its east side. Breakfast was eaten, horses got up, and a pursuit took place. It was plain enough that one rode and another went

behind with a whip, and the horse put through with rapidity. The one on foot wore moccasins, for such was the track. They pursued ten or twelve miles; found a poney, saddled, with jerked meat hanging to the saddle; so they returned, bringing along the poney. I had taken my gun and pursued up to a thicket of cedars, and there discovered a poney, in a gulch, hitched to a thick bunch of cedars, nearly out of sight, with a Spanish saddle on, some jerked meat hanging to it. A blanket and lariat were lying under the bank. After searching through the different thickets of cedar, where Indians had been encamped, I returned to camp and reported. The horsemen came in, bringing their poney. I observed that I had found one not more than half a mile off. Mills put out and soon returned with it. Some were for keeping the ponies, others objected.—myself among the the number, for fear of getting into a scrape with the Indians. The final conclusion was to leave them and start on. Another company, who came after us, saw the two ponies, one with his hind foot in the stirrup of the saddle, but they dared not release him, for fear of the Indians, who might be in ambush. So he was left to his fate. We crossed Horseshoe Creek. Saw two antelopes. 15 miles.

18th.—Remained last night on Cottonwood Creek. Killed three rabbits.—Gooseberry bushes and cottonwood just leaving out. 9 miles.

19th.—Started on again. Crossed little brook. Feed poor. Mountain snow yet seen. Moore's or Mountain Creek high; concluded to lie over. Rain last night, and do not know when we will start; yet fear the water will rise. Showers and sunshine alternating. Hunted along the stream. Saw some persons digging out a canoe from a dry cotton-

wood tree. Went over the mountain on a hunt; on my return to camp, all was bustle, tent packed, dinner eat, horses hitched, ready for a start. I eat a few mouthfuls, and we started over the river, by fording, which could have been done the day before. Passed a number of mountain streams,—one very deep. Hard traveling along the peaks and hollows. Passed several families of Indians where we crossed the river at the last encampment. Encamped where Government surveyors had tented with their teams of mules. 14 miles.

20th.—Started and traveled eight miles to Little Brook.

21st.—To-day we forded La Prele, a swollen stream, Box Elder Creek, and smaller mountain streams. Sorrel growing here along the way. Some snow peaks seen on the mountains. 22 miles.

22d.—Resting to-day. We are now encamping on the North Platte again, which we left on the 16th. Beautiful flowers grow here in profusion. Among all, none will compare with the dwarf rose, either for scent or beauty. It is a low plant, with from one to forty-two blossoms in a cluster. It is white, tinged with red; leaves green, and shaped like a dandelion leaf, yet it is rich in flavor.

23d.—Started on this morning; came six miles, to Deer Creek, and forded by putting blocks under each side of the wagon box, as the stream was high. I noticed under the bank where a coal-bed had been opened. An Indian stood on the opposite side of the stream, to direct where to ford, and when over, the teamsters loaded him with biscuits for his papposes and squaw. A ranch stood a short distance from the ford. We traveled on some distance and got our breakfast. Platte River water roiley.

Snow yet in sight on the mountain. We forded Muddy Brook by putting blocks under wagon box, as before. We saved two dollars by the operation, and might have saved more at other fords. 22 miles.

24th.—Started on again, soaking with rain, and reached a ranch at Platte Bridge, an eight-span wooden structure. Crossed over and paid two dollars per team of four horses. Rain slackened, and after awhile stopped for dinner. At the ranch two companies of troops were stationed. Quite a number of Indians hung around. A young-looking squaw came along with her ponies and papposes. She had on a clean calico dress, mostly of a pink color. Her children looked clean. A strap went over the saddle of the poney she rode, and the tent poles hung each side of the saddle, with one end of each pole on the ground, while straps were fastened around the poles and luggage bound on. The apposes were fixed in the blankets, on another poney; a third had on the camp furniture for the family use, and on the top she placed her little boy. She tied a long strap around the second poney's neck, then started her own poney with agility, and throwing over her shoulders her clean white blanket, she was off in a moment, her nest of papposes next, her little boy following, then a mare and colt. All the ranches seem to have a parcel of Sioux Indians and squaws hanging around them. Red Butte of the Platte in sight. Dwarf roses in profusion. This flower changes rapidly, when plucked, to a bright red. 20 miles.

25th.—Cold over night. Snow two inches deep, this morning, and snowing rapidly, with a strong wind blowing, so we could hardly see ten rods ahead; and no wood. I had remarked over night we should have a snow storm and we had

better prepare wood, but no faith was placed in my prediction; now the fact was before us. Well, they as well as myself were tired last night, but now we must have wood. We searched around for dry wormwood but that was scarce, although we got enough to cook our breakfast. The poor horses were running their noses under the wormwood bushes, for grass, shivering with cold. After eating, I remarked having seen some cedars or pines on the side of the mountain, the night before, and would go for one to try and get some wood. The wind was whistling around, with driving snow, but I was determined to make the attempt, and took up an axe and started. Wesley Rice joined me, but after traveling about half a mile he got discouraged and turned back. I handed him the axe and went on. The storm was raging violently. I went on about a mile farther after leaving him, and came to where an opening in the mountain drew the wind a different course, so I was completely lost. I knew the streams led to the river, and would cross the road, so I followed the gulch down about half a mile and came to the road, then turning to the left, at length reached our tent. It was now afternoon, as near as I could judge. All looked cheerless, so far from home,—no wood, the snow pouring down and deepening fast. Seeming to clear off a little, the boys mustered courage enough to start for wood. Plympton, Delex, the two Anabel boys, Black, Beebe, Grout and Mills, started for the mountain. Near sunset all returned, each bringing a stick of dry pine. They had to stop repeatedly to rest. They had ascended the mountain about two miles off, as I afterwards saw on a hunting excursion where they had dug up and broken down their wood. It soon split, cut and broke up sufficient, so that plenty surrounded us, and our tent soon became warm, having the stove be-

fore the door. Think of it, all ye who sit at ease, having your wood brought to your doors, how these young men lugged our wood over two miles, in a fearful snow storm, on the mountain-side, stumbling over rocks and slipping over loose stones! Reader: you may never feel it, yet those young men will never forget it.

26th.—Laid over to-day on account of the storm. Snow about eight inches or more deep; but good fire from yesterday's labor. If the horses had hard times yesterday, how much worse to-day. The snow has stopped coming and it is thawing fast, so the gulches are discharging water into the Platte, which is rising rapidly.

27th.—Started this morning. As the snow is melting rapidly, mud is plenty. Passed Red Butte and a ranch. Leaving the Platte, we crossed a creek. Snow nearly gone, except on the mountains. We used the snow water for dinner. Saw a curious little spotted animal, shaped like a turtle, about three inches long, tail included. Body and tail notched all around the sides. It ran as rapidly as a mouse. Spread its feet like a turtle. It was on the dry part of the plains. We came to Willow Springs and found plenty of delicious cool water, but no wood except wild wormwood. Passed this morning (so called) Poison Spring. 30 miles.

28th.—Passed a little grave to-day, beside a little spring brook. On the board was marked—"My Little Monroe, laid here June, 1858.—H. Maxwell." So little Monroe will lie here, so far from the civilized world, and all the requiem will be the feathered songsters. Crossed the bridge over the Sweet Water River and paid \$2, when the ford would have answered just as well. I shot a beautiful plover, but it floated off and I lost it. Saw one antelope. Passed Independence Rock and arrived at the Devil's Gate.—26 miles.

29th.—Sunday. Lie over to-day.—Killed a rattlesnake with five rattles.



DEVIL'S GATE.

30th.—Started this morning.—We had a great "stampede" last night, at the Devil's Gate, where the Sweet Water River runs thro' a spur of the mountain. Beebe

and Mills were stationed to watch the horses through the night, at a place where the grass was good, between the wing of the mountain and the river, on the east side. Beebe wrapped himself in his buffalo robe and laid down to sleep, while Mills drove the horses up where the feed was good. Both were well armed with revolvers, &c. All went on well until midnight, when one of the horses looked up along the ledge and gave a snort, another and another followed, until all began to snort, then they ran up to the "Gate," but could not pass. Mills concluded all had gone through, and he ran to wake Beebe, but on following up to the opening, they found their horses, crowded together, shivering with fear. Mills felt along and reached the rope that was on his horse and led him out, while Beebe got behind the rest and drove them out, but on arriving opposite the place where they were first frightened, they soon began to snort and jump, but the young men managed to get them out, and mounting their horses and leading the others, came galloping up to the tent, saying the horses had been frightened by an Indian or some animal. Half awake, one of the company exclaimed—"Carl has got his hoss and let the rest go!" Another—"The cattle is all safe." The horses were tied up until morning. 36 miles.

31st.—Saw a wolf to day. Arrived at Warm Spring Branch. 6 miles.



## JUNE.

1st.—Started again this morning. Came to a little brook. Salt on flats. Cold Spring. 18 miles.

2d.—Started before sunrise. Crossed South Pass. Saw thirty antelopes.—Crossed several streams. Snow on the mountains yet in sight. Passed the Sweet Water. No pasture yet. We are passing through the Shō-Shone or Snake Indian nation. 22 miles.

3d.—Reached Pacific Spring. Poor feed. Saw two antelopes. 22 miles.

4th.—Started forward, after turning off four miles for feed and water. Poor feed but good springs. Snow-capped mountains looming high. I took an oblique direction, thinking to strike the road and save four miles; but alas! the road obliqued the same way, so my tramp was hard enough. I wore moccasins, and the thorns of the cactus penetrated through into my feet. Two thorns I could not get out. The teams were now several miles in advance, I was seized with one of my old spasms and had to lie down beside the road. I had to sit and lie down a number of times on the road on account of a severe dysentery. Some soldiers passed and pitied me. I reached the Little Sandy River, waded across, and found Mr. Plympton waiting for me, while the teams went on. He had two pieces of bread spread with butter, which were a treat indeed. It seems they had met some Mormons, who sold them some butter. Plympton would make me ride his horse, while he went on foot. We arrived at the Big Sandy and encamped over Sunday. Saw one rabbit. 23 miles.

5th.—Sunday. We have gone through the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains. Several companies encamped here to-day. Some pugilistic labor in one camp, but

soon over. I saw none of it. Some ball playing; clothes washing—myself engaged at the latter. A great deal of watching and apparently but little praying.

6th.—Started again this morning and passed where a train of wagons had been burned; the irons scattered around and in heaps. Crossed Big Sandy River twice to-day, by fording. Saw Indian and squaw driving a drove of mules. Both dressed rather fantastic. I afterwards met three squaws (girls) mounted on ponies, both themselves and ponies highly decorated. They were in fine glee. Their dress was clean and trim. One carried a bottle, but whether of whisky or water I cannot say. One drank, banded to another, and so to the third; they then began to laugh and chatter. Little bells were dangling from the ponies' dress in profusion. 33 miles.

7th.—Started from Green River this morning; crossed by ferry, fare \$2. One train of wagons had been burned near here. Ox chains are laid across the road, lengthwise and every way, to induce some one to take them, but all have load enough. Reached Black's Fork. 18 miles to-day. Nothing but wormwood for feed.

8th.—Crossed Ham's Fork on a toll-bridge, forded South Black's Fork, Big Muddy, and encamped. I was taken with the most acute pains in my back and legs to-day, but by taking pills and two tea spoonsful of laudinum (I had ordered one) I got quite easy, but was left in a very weak state, unable to travel on foot and bad to ride. 19 miles.

9th.—Started from Big Muddy this morning, going the downward grade of the Rocky Mountains. Passed Fort Bridger and forded Bear River. 23 miles.

10th.—Crossed Bear River five times; once by a bridge. Water plenty, feed

scarce. Fuel: wormwood brush. 30 miles.

11th.—Still too weak to walk. Crossed many little brooks between bluffs. Feed improves. 20 miles.

12th.—Sunday. This morning had a dish of beans and corn soup, and to crown all, a Mr. Judd brought me two eggs, which gave a zest to my meal. I had not seen an egg since we started to my recollection. They were selling for 50 cts. per dozen.

13th.—Started on this morning. Passed through a very narrow defile for 20 miles where the Mormons might have exterminated the Government troops, if they had been foolish enough to march without a guard on the summit. They could have starved them and finally destroyed them. Passed a number of Mormon batteries, of loose stones, piled up like some children's work. But perhaps they wanted to peep through between the stones to see what was going on. Crossed Weber River, partly on a bridge and the rest by fording. Went up a little brook and encamped. 25 miles.

14.—Started on this morning, sick with dysentery. Crossed the mountain through a snow drift from six to fifteen feet high. A cut was made across the drift wide enough for a wagon to pass. Here were men, with oxen and wagons, loading long, dry fir poles, to cart to Salt Lake City for wood, where they brought \$10 per load, requiring three yoke of cattle three days to get a load there. Soon this source must fail. 26 miles.

15th.—Traveled up a steep mountain, and while descending the opposite side I met a woman climbing up who had two bullets in her ankle, yet she was limping up the mountain, going east to the States. The wagon to which she belonged was ahead of her. Soon I discovered a flock

of sheep. Next I saw a young woman seated on the side of the mountain, beside a little bubbling spring, watching mules below her, while she was gathering and bunching some beautiful wild flowers. I asked her if she lived in the house below? She replied "No; I live in the city, fifteen miles off." I asked her what country she came from. She replied: "From England." She drew a sigh, as if she missed her far-off home. Passing on I saw wheat growing on the flat, the first on the route. Arrived at Salt Lake City, a city of 8,000 or 10,000 inhabitants; their peculiar institutions and form of worship for themselves alone. Their adobe houses look beautiful at a short distance, but afar off look like so many smoke-houses on the vast plain. Brigham Young's houses are the most conspicuous and costly; indeed the common buildings are falling to decay generally. Many have props to hold them up or keep them together. Numbers are leaving the devoted city, and many have left; an incubus seems resting upon it. The citizens are mostly from England, Scotland, Norway, Denmark, Wales and Ireland, and some from the States, so they are a motley set, and generally illiterate. A general apathy seems to prevail among the inhabitants. There appear to be only two classes, the servants and rulers. The one class labors and the other lives on their labor. The laboring class seem obliging and kind. I noticed only one wooden building being erected, with two men at work on it. Those falling structures are left by persons emigrating to the States and elsewhere. Quite a number of populous villages are situated along the valley. Right before them lies Salt Lake. When the season is dry the salt deposited by solar evaporation lies so thick that it can be shoveled up. When the water rises, all is dissolved again. Salt Lake Valley is said by some to be 70 miles long and 20



miles wide, but that must mean what is in sight, for, including the mountains or islands, it must be several hundred miles long and broad. Large droves of sheep seen pasturing on the sides of the mountains; they seem to be of good quality. We crossed Weber River twice before entering the city, both times on toll bridges at \$2 50 for each four-horse team. 15m.

16th.—Laid over yesterday and to-day on account of Wesley's sickness. The arsenal, the temple, and even Brigham's buildings for his horses and mules are costly and splendid. His grounds are surrounded by a wall of cut stone, fourteen or sixteen feet high. Not having "a friend at court," I saw nothing of Brigham; as he keeps himself secluded, attended by his body-guard, fearful of assassination; but I saw two of his wives, dressed in silks, riding in a carriage, with a negro driver, while at the same time I saw another Mormon woman, poorly clad, hoeing in a lot, her husband at the saloon, which place and the brewery seemed the principal resort of the men, while the women done the labor. Although I heard no profanity among the "faithful," the "renegade" Mormons are the vilest people in their conversation I ever knew.

17th.—Left the city, and are passing the Mormon villages of adobe houses.—Passing hot or boiling springs. The young men took Wesley and bathed him in one of the warm springs where sulphur prevailed. There are others with a strong crust of iron rust. 22 miles.

18th.—Passing several hot springs.—Cool, fresh water is gushing out from the mountain-side, where snow lies on the summit. 26 miles.

19th.—Sunday. We are lying over on Wesley's account. Lewis has taken him to a house to board and be more quiet. The company that started with us left us

to-day and went on. A small locust seems to prevail, over the plains, also a large, uncouth cricket, of unwieldy proportions. The inhabitants seem not to mind either. They say the sea-gulls will soon devour them, as the gulls are plenty.

20th.—Still lying over on Wesley's account. Horses pasturing over the bluff; Delex and Black lodge there at night, where grizzly bears and rattlesnakes dwell.

21st and 22d.—Still lying over for same reason. Horses missing, but found this morning (22d). Same men sleep under the side of the mountain. Little did they dream, while at home, they would stand watch in such a dismal place.

23d.—Yet lying over. I traveled up the mountain to near the summit, where the snow lies in drifts. It seems majestic to look down over the plain. I took my gun in hopes of meeting with some game, but was disappointed. I saw fresh signs of bear, but presume they had fled to the thickets on account of the heat. The pretty songsters tuned their notes as I sat and listened. The gooseberry is just in blossom up here. The lake in the valley seems almost covered with alkaline salt.

24th.—Lying over still.

25th.—Did we not rejoice to hear that Wesley concluded to ride on. Our companions had now got a week the start. Last night Black and Delex bolted and would not watch and lodge on the mountain any more. They began to feel unpleasant, sleeping in the vicinity of grizzly bears and rattlesnakes. We passed Box Elder and encamped on Bear River. 20 miles.

26th.—Sunday. Laid over part of to-day. Crossed Bear River by ferry, paying \$5; there being no ford. Traveled on seven miles to the springs. Worn-wood for fuel. Pasture poor; springs

good, but we are encamped too far from them. Now at the end of Salt Lake Valley.

27th.—Started on again. Some emigrant wagons came up with us, so we are not alone. Passed Flora's Stand, with the stands of her attendants. Blue Springs, 20 miles; Warm Springs, 15 miles. 34 miles in all.

28th.—Traveled on to Spring Brook and stopped; then five miles to a creek; then 18 miles to springs; then seven miles to other springs; 40 miles in all. This was too far to drive, but we have no regular distance for halting. Passed Iron Mountain.

29th.—Passed to Iron Mountain stream, 14 miles. Around the base of the mountain just room enough for wagon and horses to pass between the mountain and the stream far below, the loose stones sliding sideways with the wagon. 30 miles in all.

30th.—Passed soldiers' encampment, — two companies, designed as a guard for the Mormon emigrants as far as the Humboldt River. We have calls from Sho-Shone Indians about every meal, for biscuits. They are great beggars, yet always seem pleased. Some cedars grow on the sides of the mountains, and to-day we had the pleasure of eating our dinner under a cedar shade. It was a luxury indeed. A good spring of cool water bubbling up through white quartz. Good water and good feed. Now on again, over hills and through gulches, the sun burning our feet over the heated gravel and stones. 22 miles.

PRAIRIE DOG AND BURROWING OWL.



## JULY.

1st.—Passing good springs and feed.—Passed another iron (hard reddish rock) mountain, like the other. Traveling over loose, broken stones, up bills and down rough valleys. 39 miles.

2d.—Passed those soldiers, in camp at the so called Thousand Springs. They were slaughtering an ox. Lewis purchased a few pounds of beef, at seven cts. per lb. I traded moccasins with a Sho-Shone Indian. Mine had failed, but the beads on the top took his fancy. He could put on a bottom. Mine were a pair I had picked up, where some one had thrown them away. I now travel easier. 20 miles.

3d.—Sunday. Started early, and traveled, to reach water, 12 or 14 miles, where we dug a spring of middling water. With dry rose bushes boiled the tea-kettle. Sun hot and flies thick, so we started on again after dinner. I was about a mile or so ahead when three Indians came running after and overtook me. They had been begging at dinner. I had left my gun with the wagon, so I took the precaution, before they overtook me, to open my knife and conceal it in the front of my pants so that my right hand grasped the handle. As soon as they came up, they began to beg for bullets, caps and powder. One had a heavy old rifle, the tube missing; another a large horseman's pistol, the lock tied on, and a small jack-knife, the blade bammered tight, while the third had a bow and a quiver full of arrows.—Two placed each a hand on my shoulder, while the one with the bow and arrows walked before me. We traveled on a mile or two in this manner. As several teams were a mile or so ahead, I was in hopes to overtake them, but my Sho-Shone companions began to get too familiar, grasping rather tight on each shoulder. At last one loosened his hold and darted

behind some wormwood bushes, and began jabbering something (seemingly) to himself and laughing loudly. Directly the other let loose his hold and darted off in the same manner, with the same kind of muttering and laugh. The one with the bow stepped back, placing his hand on my shoulder. I kept my grasp on my knife. The two came out with a parcel of trumpery,—pieces of iron hoops off from boxes, old socks, flour sacks, &c., left by emigrants, which they had found and secreted. I now watched their eyes, concluding, if I must have a scrape, to begin it myself. The one with the bow started on before again. As soon as one came up with his bundle under his arm, and was about to put his hand again on my shoulder, I seized him with my left hand and gave him a whirl so sudden he was not prepared to meet it. I said—"Old man get mad; he no like Indian; Indian must go hunt rabbit and antelope." He seemed amazed, and stood perfectly still, with his rifle on his shoulder. The other coming up at the same time, I served the same way. The forward one attempted to put up his hand, but I thrust him off, saying—"Be off; old man mad; Indian go hunt; old man no like Indian." I kept on; the one with bow and arrows went off among the wild wormwood bushes, as if to hunt; the others stood where I left them, muttering something low. I hurried on to overtake the team ahead. A horseman came up with me soon after and observed there were two ugly-looking Indians he had passed. I related what had passed between them and me. 20 miles.

4th.—Crossed many little spring brooks from the snow-capped mountains. Joined by a Mr. Boque and son, with four-horse team and 47 horses in a drove, in charge of 11 men, each of whom deposited \$10, with Boque at starting, to insure fidelity which sum is to be refunded at San Fran-

cisco, and Boque's influence used to secure them employment on their arrival. Showed towards night. 28 miles.

5th.—Crossed the head-waters of the Humboldt. Passed a large herd of cattle. 30 miles.

6th.—Rough road, water plenty; fuel, cedars and wormwood. 21 miles.

7th.—Passing high, rough bluffs or mountains. Rough and deep gullies. 22 miles.

8th.—Passed Willow (mail) Station, on the Humboldt. Fuel wormwood. 30m.

9th.—Hard rain last night. My feet very sore; occasioned by hot sand and gravel. Mosquitoes thick. In camp till noon. 18 miles.

10th.—Sunday. Traveled all last night and until to-day noon. The snow-capped mountains show but little; streams are lessening, water scarce and poor. Yet on the Humboldt. For three days past our fuel has been wild wormwood. Passed through the Sho-Shone or Snake Indians, (what filthy, degraded looking beings they are,) and are now entering the Pah Utah nation, somewhat similar to the Sho-Shones. 40 miles.

11th.—Traveled all last night, again, on account of the heat. Caught several large trout out of a little spring brook running into the Humboldt, to-day. To-night started again on our journey. Cold last night and hot yesterday and to-day. Passed four or five warm and hot springs. The hot spring will hardly allow the hand to rest in it; just hot enough to wash clothes. I found no need of soap, as the water was alkaline. One spring very cold. One man jumped into the hot spring in mistake for the mild, but he jumped out again quick enough. Here are the buffalo bushes, hanging loaded with their red and yellow berries, similar in taste to our domestic currants. The

bushes are eight or ten feet high and similar to the wild plum bushes. 35 miles.

12th.—On the Humboldt. Pah-Utah Indians plenty; but little inferior to the Snakes. Some are almost naked and others quite so. Mr. Boque is still in our company. Killed two rabbits, which made us a feast, as the rabbits on the plains are mostly very large. 49 miles.

13th.—Still on the Humboldt. Wormwood fuel and poor water; feed poorer still. Saw a large famished wolf just before me, as I was traveling alone, near midnight. The team overtook me just after midnight. The road was through deep loose sand; hard wheeling and hard walking. Even the wormwood looks dry. No wood or snow on the mountains. 20 miles to-night.

14th.—Nothing but river water to use, but better. Mosquitoes and sand flies thick enough to hurry us on our journey. 14 miles to-day.

15th.—Laid over until night. Used alkaline water and wormwood fuel. 20m.

16th.—Wormwood fuel and poor feed, to-day. Passed Humboldt Lake or Sink; ten miles long and two wide and very deep in the centre. In this lake the Humboldt River sinks and is lost. A curious kind of grass grows in the shallow water, (along with flags and rushes,) which bears a seed similar in appearance to flax-seed. The Indians gather it and thresh it out with sticks, on blankets, and put it away for winter. I saw several squaws and papposes, on the roadside, threshing and cleaning it, but as soon as we came up they left their seed and went to their lodges. Near the Sink of the Humboldt the reeds, flags, and bull-rushes or toolies are high. I understood that as soon as I entered this large flat of grass I should find good, cool walking, so I took a "cut-off," and as soon as I entered the flags I

got into water, and the farther I went on the deeper the water got, until it was over my knees, with a smart current. I concluded to turn to the left, towards the mountain, and soon got clear of the flags and rushes, but found myself in a pool of hot alkali water and mud. My feet and legs felt as if in hot lye, having only moccasins and stockings on. One moccasin came off and it was some time before I could dig it out. I reached dry land, washed my stockings and moccasins, and traveled over the hot, hard gravel, until they got dry. So much for another "cut-off." 26 miles.

17th.—Passed over The Great Desert, 49 miles, last night, and now encamped on Carson River. Over the Desert, bones of oxen, horses and mules, also wagon irons, gun barrels and kitchen furniture lie scattered; and under mounds lie the dead of 1849, '50, '51, '52 and '53, who perished in passing over. It is sad to reflect upon. We started from the Sink of the Humboldt about 3 o'clock P. M. I was ahead until late in the evening, when our team overtook me. They had left Plympton with his sick horse, with some provisions.

18th.—Passed a grave with a head-board marked "I. Parks. In memory of Margaret." Whether wife or daughter it did not tell. It was a full-length grave of an adult, and marked "Sept. 19th, 1853." A pen around the grave I presume was made with the poles of their house. A rifle barrel was driven in the ground, for a stake, as well as wooden stakes, to keep the pen together. The other timbers or wood-work had been burnt by emigrants. A number of graves were around the spot, and a number of skeletons of cattle laid around, showing a great trial for somebody. Margaret sleeps quietly; no prowling wolf has molested her, nor the other graves. So far from the white settlements! We reached Carson Valley, where the

river was studded with green cottonwood timber, buffalo hushes and willows. The buffalo bushes were loaded with fruit, both red and yellow. We put up there, intending to stay all night. After supper, finding the mosquitoes thick, I laid down and covered my head with my blanket. But as soon as the horses were brought up, they began to jump and snort, so there was no other way but to harness up and start over the Desert of twenty-six miles. I immediately jumped up, threw my blanket into the wagon, seized my gun, and put for the mountain; and as the teams had to go two miles around, I could cross to the road leading across the plain and save two miles, at least. But oh! the mosquitoes. I swept from one side of my face, and then the other, until I had traveled seven or eight miles, I then had a little comfort. The night was cloudy and the darkness so great that I had to feel with my feet to keep the road. After traveling some sixteen miles, I stopped and built fires until the wagons came up; I then rode on until morning, when we crossed Carson River. 53 miles.

19th.—Laid by, to-day. Feed and water good, and wood plenty. We let the teams enjoy a little rest. Mr. Boque left us here.

20th.—We reached Chinatown, opposite Gold Canon; here we commenced working at a dam to turn the river into a race and sluice about three and a half miles, to Chinatown; which will take us about three weeks, when business will commence. 8 miles.

21st.—Prospecting. Killed a rabbit.

22d.—Lewis, Wesley and Black started for Gold Hill, some seven miles off, calculating to stay all night and return next day, but before dark returned, having accomplished nothing. Prospects here are dark indeed, on account of a lack of wa-

ter. Plympton arrived to-day, relieving my anxiety.

23d.—Still at Chinatown, a cluster of squalid-looking buildings at the mouth of Gold Canon (the gold about taken out). Quite a number of Chinese still reside here, looking almost as filthy as the Shoshone Indians. They, with others, have nearly exhausted the gold, except some miles up the canon, near the Devil's Gate, where some new claims remain unoccupied. The Chinamen are waiting to have the dam repaired, so as to send the water down the race. We are waiting and prospecting, but I think the prospect dull.

24th.—Sunday. We have moved up the valley, to work on the dam.

25th to 30th.—At work on the dam, at \$2.50 per day and board ourselves, or \$30 a month and board. To be paid when gold is washed.

31st.—Sunday. Spent quietly, except looking for provision, of which we were entirely out.

## AUGUST.

1st to 11th.—Work at dam, flume, &c.

12th.—At the suggestion of the "hoss" and in harmony with my own inclinations, I quit work on the dam and sought other employment, and immediately took a job of work, building a house for John Schmidt and Peter O'Reilly. I worked early and late; the long twilight of this region allowing me to begin work nearly two hours before sunrise in the morning, and some time after the sun went down behind the mountain. I was hoarded, and had good food, *without stint*. My lodging was warm and soft, in the stack-yard of hay, with plenty of blankets.

15th to 25th.—At work on house. The water was let into the race and reached Chinatown the next Tuesday after I left.

Our company began operations, and took out two dollars' worth of gold each; yet ~~Sae~~ half had to go to the owner. So little could be made by them. Now the water is stopped by leaking out of the dam, and they are out of business and riding about, prospecting.

### SEPTEMBER.

1st.—Here I am at work while hundreds are passing, seeking employment. Emigrants are crowding along, some with their families. Little boys trudging along the road, almost enveloped in a cloud of dust. The clothes and persons of old and young are in almost every instance wrapped up in a case of black dust. Horses, mules and cattle are dying off as they move along, caused by drinking alkaline water on the plains. People from Missouri, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Indiana, Pennsylvania, Ohio, New England and New York. Calculating the amount of capital taken out of those States, it will amount to millions, and in what way will it be refunded? Then the amount of capital in horses, mules and cattle; it swells the amount to a fearful rate. Most have been induced to go to Pike's Peak, and turned across for California. The poor fellows are jaded down by fatigue and hunger. As for their clothing, that is a small item when they reach here. Many sell out their teams, with wagon, harness &c., divide, and then throw away what they cannot carry on their backs; each pursuing his own way. Having lived, in traveling over the plains, as a family, they now disperse, and many will never meet their associates again. It is a great favor to find purchasers here, even at a sacrifice, for guns and other property. How cattle have died here on the flat, carcasses strewn among the wild rod bushes. Many die within

twenty-four hours of the purchase. Horses and mules, also sheep, have been left to rot on the plain. I counted nineteen sheep that had died in one night here.

4th.—Sunday. A young man related to day a battle with the Indians at the Cut-Off north of Salt Lake, on the 27th of June last. An Indian came up to the unarmed guard, (Mr. Hall,) shook hands, calling him brother, stepped back a short distance and deliberately shot him down. The other Indians took away part of the cattle, then moved forward and fell on the next emigrant train, when a battle ensued and two Indians bit the dust. He understood afterwards five had been killed. Two emigrants were wounded; one in three places. The emigrants re-took part of the cattle, buried Hall, and came on.

18th.—Sunday. Our company have bought a claim in Virginia City, near Gold Hill. It is said to be rich. A short time ago a tragedy was enacted at Gold Hill. One man shot another; the jury brought in a verdict of "justifiable homicide." Another stabbed a man as he stepped out of the stage-coach. I understand that a short time before I came, a man by the name of Sides and a boy named Peak were playing cards together at Chinatown, when Peak charged Sides with playing unfairly, whereupon Sides drew a knife and plunged it into the heart of poor Peak, who spoke a few words—and was dead! Sides was immediately taken and tried by lynch law and found guilty of murder; but he was bailed in the sum of \$500 to meet a proper trial, and he is now among the missing. Another a few miles below where I work was shot. A bar-tender was "tight," (drunk) and became affronted at a young man who had called for a glass of liquor. The bar-tender sprang to get his revolver, but the more sober one seized a shot-gun hanging in another room, fired and killed the bar-tender. Nothing was done with



the young man. I saw him a few days afterwards, with other young men, acting as if nothing of moment had happened. Two men, since I came here, stole a yoke of oxen, were pursued to Genoa, caught, tried by Judge Lynch, found guilty and sentenced to have their ears cropped and leave immediately, and if found again in the Territory, to be hung or shot by the first one meeting them. They were immediately cropped, guarded out of the Territory, and money paid them for their mule, to take them on. Their names were George Runline and David Rush. Emigrants brought word of a brush with the Snake Indians, not far from Salt Lake Valley, where two of the emigrants were killed and part of their cattle taken. A woman and little girl are left near here, with the box and hind wheels of a wagon, the husband having gone on with the oxen and fore wheels. He has been gone eight days. This is fate with a witness! Another, a sick woman, at the ranch below here, has two little children. Their team has died, everything spent, and now in debt \$100! Who want to cross the plains with their families? Such is woman's love, she will go anywhere with husband and children in company. It is common to see men and boys, with packs of provisions, covered with dust, on the tramp for California. When an ox is taken sick, he is sold at some price, or dies and is left for wolves, buzzards, magpies and ravens. If a mule has a sore back, while feeding among the willows, the magpies will light on him and commence picking off the scabs and even raw flesh, while the poor brute cannot help himself.

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CALIFORNIA AND UTAH LAW.



## OCTOBER.

2d.—Wednesday and Thursday morning ice here and snow on the mountain, yet no frost to be seen. Coyote wolves plenty and we are well serenaded at night. Air clear. Animals die less; emigrants hurrying along.

9th.—Emigration slackens. Leaves are turning yellow. Flowers gone. The earth seems stripped; emigrants' mules and horses have cleared vegetation, so the sand and gravel is bare. I have caught several large trout; they are first rate eating.

16th.—To-day emigrants bring word of a massacre, near the Humboldt, by the Sho-Shone Indians. Cattle and mules taken, and all the emigrants killed, except a boy, who was mortally wounded, and who stated he had drawn quite a number of arrows from his dead mother. He died soon after.

30th.—Emigration moderate. A large drove of sheep passed through here last week; 21 died in one night.

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## NOVEMBER.

6th.—Rain, and a little snow upon the mountains. Great excitement prevails on account of a rich "lead" of gold discovered lately. A number of horsemen rode up on a gallop from Carson City, and one came up to me and wanted to know where the great "lead" of gold was. I replied I had heard nothing of it. He replied—"You do know, and you need not deny it; besides, hundreds are coming on." I referred him to others who might have heard something. After other inquiries, they knowing nothing more than myself, back he came, charging me with combining with others to deprive people from enjoying a chance. I replied I knew nothing of such a circumstance. He began to abuse me,

when one of our company stepped up to him and was about giving him a drubbing for "abusing an old man." This quieted him. The facts were these: Two fellows known as Virginia and Jack, had two small lumps of gold, showing them around, intimating that they had got them in this vicinity. As they were fond of drink, they lodged, eat and drank here, then would take a bottle of whisky along, lay by in some secluded spot, drink their whisky through the day, and at night come and lodge with us. It created a tremendous excitement. Mr. Smidt had been an old California miner and was a good judge of gold, and when the two fellows were away he told us that all was a humbug, as the larger piece was California gold. After awhile the excitement died away.

14th.—Got through with my job last week, and Messrs. Maynard, Terwilliger and myself, took our guns and ascended the west mountain.



MOUNTAIN SHEEP.

Behold! what did I see but a veritable mountain sheep—a male, with large horns—standing on a high rock, looking down upon us. He was almost the same color as the rock.

As Maynard had a rifle, we chose him to go behind some pines and ascend so as to get a shot at the fellow. I put my red silk pocket handkerchief on the top of my gun-rod, to keep his attention. After waiting some time, the sheep laid down on the rock, with his head towards Maynard, but kept his attention on the red handkerchief; at last he leaped down from the rock and ran on to another mountain, so we lost him. I am now in Washoe Valley, 25 miles from Chinatown, engaged in getting out cedar posts. On the west and south side

of Washoe Valley the mountain is covered with thick and lofty pines and different kinds of timber, such as balsam, larch, fir, cedar, and mansoneter, laurel and wild wormwood shrubs, with patches of the wormwood on the valley, whose bottom is covered with grass, flags and toolies, (hullrush). Beautiful and cool springs are coursing down the mountain. The east side of the valley is bounded by barren mountains. One hot spring comes out of the mountain; hot enough for dishwater. The water is sweet and good; no sulphur or alkaline taste is perceivable. A house stands near by, so the spring is available. Another spring farther up the valley is called Steamboat Spring, on account of its puffing like a steamboat engine. I did not visit it, but ascertained from others who had, that a large fissure was made in the mountain where a heavy report had been heard when this disruption took place.

20th.—This is a place for hard winds. Snow is plenty to be seen on the left hand mountain, as you ascend the valley. A man by the name of Stevenson was shot by a man named Blackburn, Deputy Sheriff. Both had got "tight," at Carson City, yesterday, when an altercation took place between them, and Stevenson called Blackburn "a son of a b——h!" Blackburn drew his revolver, but they "drank friends," and were in merry glee, when Stevenson observed that Blackburn was "a d——d son of a b——h, and pop goes the weasel!" Blackburn drew his revolver; another person saw he was going to fire and knocked the pistol upward, but not high enough to clear Stevenson, for the ball struck his forehead and he dropped dead on the floor. An inquest was called and the verdict was "*justifiable homicide!*" This is the way difficulties are settled here! Judge Cradlebaugh begins to hold courts of justice here and at Ge-



noa, so that shadows are seen; but let him go on further until the substance is found. Many along Carson and Washoe Valleys had cohabited together without being married, but since the arrival of the Judge, business of this kind is taking a serious turn. One man was fined \$500, and business with Mr. Van Slyke, a young Methodist clergyman, a missionary from California, is profitable. As we are in Utah Territory, let the work go on until passing Salt Lake. Washoe and Carson Valleys are beautiful. Occasional streams issue from the mountains, watering the valleys, and vegetation grows prolific, especially on Washoe Valley. Produce brings a good price in Carson City. Potatoes 8c.; onions 20c.; turnips, ruta hagas, beets, carrots and cabbage, 7c.; hay 7c. per lb.; butter from 75c. to \$1 per lb.; beef from 13c. to 18c. per lb.; eggs almost any price. After the snow fell deep, hay rose to 10c. per lb. Game is plenty here. Deer, mountain sheep and antelopes, on the mountain; rabbits on the valley and mountain; ducks and geese on the valley and lakes.

28th.—Still and gentle the snow keeps falling; not increasing in depth. Beyond the mountain on the east lies another still higher; then another valley, where hay is made. The branches of the pines on the side of the mountain are laden with snow, while underneath the snow lies three feet deep. Men are driving their herds over to the east mountain. Some are using snowshoes or skates,—very thin boards, six feet long and six inches wide, turned up at each end and strapped fast to the feet. The notion of driving their herds over the mountain cannot benefit the cattle. Wild wormwood is poor food for cattle, and indeed it is under the snow already. People are riding over the plains daily.

29th.—Visited the Hot or Boiling Springs to-day. When the rock of the

Steamboat Springs exploded, the report was heard several miles. I am fully persuaded that the earth is hollow in the centre, filled with melted lava, and the heat bursts forth through those avenues where volcanoes of fire issue. Ages past these mountains have been raised, mountains scattered or sunk, whose ashes form the alkali now seen all through those different strata of earth and affecting the rivers and plains. For instance, the Humboldt, Carson, Plattes, &c., from California to Missouri. The intensity of the heat has been so great as to melt the hardest rocks; the scoria or cinder has dropped and cooled in this state. The eruption has thrown up vast rocks until they have formed mountains, throwing out their deposits of precious metals, and will heave up again as at Acapulco, near San Francisco, &c. Look along the Salt Lake Valley, or Washoe Valley, it must take an almost unlimited heat to supply these vents with boiling or hot water.

30th.—Although the sun is shining fair, there is no telling what a day may bring forth. Snow fell last night about ten inches. Some hopes arise that a thaw will take place. I have not reached home yet, perhaps I never shall.

## DECEMBER.

4th.—The winds are high and drifting the snow about in a wonderful manner. Too tedious to be out.

21st.—I assigned my "quartz claim" to J. W. Rice, and have now started on my journey over the Sierra Nevada Mountains. I traveled to Genoa and put up over night, 30 miles. Valley here one mile broad and the road good. Snow two feet deep.

22d.—Passed Van Sickles, 3 miles. I now turned to the right, up the mountain, where lofty pines grow. The telegraph

wires are attached to the trees; no need of posts on this mountain. By jumping in the mule tracks, I at last arrived at the top of this mountain. A train of pack mules passed me, and occasionally some would almost mire down, the snow being three feet deep. The descent was worse than the ascent. As darkening shadows indicated night, I looked around to see if I could find shelter under some rock and build a fire. Just then I discovered smoke curling up among the tall tree tops. I found two men, who had built a small log house and who had a good fire. I was made welcome and well treated. They calculated on a good job of work, next Spring, in making this new road. 14 miles.

23d.—Started on again, floundering through the deep snow. Two young men had gone on the trail last night, and after traveling about eight miles I came to their camp, a wagon-cover tent. It looked cold enough, in the deep snow. Six miles farther I came to "Yank's," just after dusk. 13 miles to-day.

27th.—I had spent three days at "Yank's" ranch, five miles from the foot of the mountain, on account of a snow-storm, and as soon as the weather became clear, to-day, I started. Snow in the valley was between two and three feet deep. Five men besides myself broke the road to "Pew's," at the base of Nevada mountain. By that time I was quite tired, although I was the hindmost. I had now to go alone up and over the mountain. As this was now one of the regular mail routes, I was told that the "grade" was well cleared, especially after reaching the summit, two miles distant. It was now twenty minutes past one o'clock, P. M., and I had ten miles to travel before reaching the "Strawberry Valley House." I began to ascend. The "grade" for a quarter of the way was

tolerable; then I had to climb on snow-drifts nearly to the top. O! how sadly was I disappointed on reaching the summit. Instead of a well-beaten track, only a mule trail before me for eight miles, and snow about three feet deep.—I was loaded with my satchel, blankets and gun. Within a few hours I must reach the "Strawberry Valley House" or lodge on the mountain all night. After floundering along some distance, three gentlemen passed me on horseback, one observing:—"Grand-pa, don't stop on the mountain to-night; you will certainly freeze to death." I replied, I thought I could get through. I jogged on for a short distance, and had to cross several spring brooks. Just as the darkness of night, deepened by the dense forest, was making my way more intricate, on jumping over one of those brooks or streams, I slipped and fell in upon my back, so my blankets and clothes were completely saturated. I got out as soon as possible, and tried to hobble on, but that I found impossible. My gloves were immediately frozen stiff, so I threw them away. Ice began to form on my hands, and I found that something must be done immediately. Just beside the road stood a low cedar, the top covered with snow. I crawled under, and with my feet dug away the snow; wrapped my wet blankets around me, and lay down, with my feet under me. I immediately commenced breathing on my hands, which had become entirely numb. After some considerable time they thawed so that I had a slight sense of feeling in them. I was now shivering all over with cold from my wet garments. At first no ray of hope for relief appeared. Others had frozen to death on this range of mountains, when covered with dry and warm clothing, then what could I expect in my wet garments? One ray of hope! Per-

haps those travelers might mention my case at the "Valley House," and, on my not coming in, would send out for me. But I soon dismissed that thought, as they were (perhaps) on their way to Sacramento or San Francisco, and would think of me only as a passing occurrence. I now, as far as my sensation of pain from cold allowed me, took a retrospective view of my life. I felt my mind more quiet. My next thought and inquiry was, shall I die here? The California lions or panthers were prowling through these forests, as I had perceived their tracks occasionally crossing the trail, but I felt no fear of them. I could not believe I should die at this time.—One ray of hope arose; it was that Redeemer in whom I had trusted for years. I felt for the pulse at the wrists,—no pulsation; then on each side of the neck, it had ceased there. The heart beat faintly: my breath on my hand seemed cold. One thought struck me: "I have a destiny to fulfill"—no odds if upon the summit of this mountain or at home, thousands of miles from here—I am content. My chill and pain left me at once. I suppose I must have fallen into a doze. I thought I would keep awake as long as reason held its sway. I was awakened as from a dream. Some one calls! This aroused me, and I thought I answered. Then I heard distinctly. One says, call louder. "Halloo!" sounded close by me. I answered, "Here." "Then come out; we have brought a horse for you." I tried to get out; my fingers could move, but not my arms; I could work my toes, but could not stir my feet or legs. I tried repeatedly, but all were chilled and stiff. As soon as the two young men who found me saw I could not move, they seized me, lifted me out, but trying to have me stand, I fell. One

immediately pulled off a pair of mittens and put on my hands. I hardly felt them. They then put on a warm overcoat, placed me on the horse, wrapped my wet blankets around me, hung my satchel on the horn of the Mexican saddle, and started forward, one before, leading the horse, and the other behind, carrying my gun and powderhorn. They several times urged me to drink some whiskey, which seemed tasteless until nearing the "Valley House," when the liquor had its proper taste; I then fainted, and wished to be laid down in the snow. "But look, uncle, we are close by; you can see the light," they said.—Alas! I could not see at all. They held on to me, and hurried on to the door, when it opened and a number sprang out, one exclaiming, "They have brought the old man." A warm buffalo robe was spread on the floor, another laid over me, while a large fire was blazing in the fireplace. A cup of hot tea and some cakes were brought. In a few minutes I was seized with the most violent spasms. At first my heart appeared as if it would burst with the pressure of blood. In the course of an hour I fell into a sound sleep. I must have been in a doze while on the horse, for they frequently kept cautioning me against sleeping. I must have lain on the mountain from about 6 o'clock. P. M., until past 10, for it was after midnight when we came in, and they had hurried the horse down the mountain as fast as they could get along. As long as reason holds its sway with me, will the names of SIMON SHOUP and CHARLES HONEYWELL be the most dear, together with Mr. CROSLY and associates, who contributed for having me brought in. As well the young man who took me on to Placerville, for which he refused all remuneration. I strongly

suspect him of being one of the contributors, and that the landlord of the "Strawberry Valley House" also had a hand in it; but all was kept strictly silent from me, and none would receive any recompense. Six miles had those young men to struggle through the deep snow, up the mountain, shouting at short intervals. The thick forest made the night darker, and occasionally spring brooks had to be waded over. All this was done for an old man and (as was supposed) a perfect stranger.

28th.—Started on this morning, and reached Mr. Bosworth's, 11 miles. Snow has been decreasing since I left the Strawberry Valley House. The timber: pine, cedar, fir, black walnut, oak, live oak, and yew. Birds look different from any before noticed. When I had reached the top of Nevada Mountain, yesterday I had a partial view of Lake Bigler. This lake is about 60 miles long and 25 wide, and is well stocked with mountain trout, of a large size and rich flavor, I am told. The Valley is settled by Indians, who occasionally allow whites to draw a seine in the lake, and the fishers are amply repaid for their trouble.

29th.—Traveled on several miles and was overtaken by the stage and another wagon, the latter driven by a cheery-souled man, whose goodness of heart prompted him to offer me a place in his wagon. Mr. Shoup and wife rode with him. He insisted on my riding, but I objected, fearing my funds would not hold out to reach home by steamer. But he got out, seized my luggage and put it on board and bid me jump in, which I did. This afternoon Mr. Shoup was seized with ague chills and had to get out. I insisted on his wrapping up with my blankets, which he did, and after traveling some distance he got easier.—

They were brought on, no doubt, by exposure in bringing me off the mountains. We put up at the Fresh Pond House, 35 miles.

30th.—About noon reached Placerville, 16 miles. Not a cent would the gentleman receive for carrying me; but I lost his name, by loosing my memorandum book east of Placerville. I then started on, and reached Mud Spring Village, where I was well treated.

31st.—For thirty miles north of Placerville the ground was bare and men were plowing and sowing oats. I got a chance to ride some twenty miles for \$1.50.—To-day I lost my minute book and shot bag. Stopped over night at a public house.

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## JANUARY.

1st.—After breakfast, this morning, hurried across farms to railroad station, and found the cars would not pass till afternoon, so I hurried on to the next station and waited for the afternoon train, reaching Sacramento same evening. 20 miles.

2d.—Spent the forenoon and part of the afternoon in Sacramento, looking around; seeing what were the prospects of labor for mechanics and other laborers. No prospect of success. Population about 50,000. At 2 o'clock P. M., took steamer for San Francisco, arriving same evening, and put up at the Tremont House, kept by Mr. Weygant, where I fared well. Population of San Francisco about 80,000. 125 miles.

3d.—At San Francisco, looking around among mechanics and other laborers, but find it much like Sacramento; no chance for strangers to get employment.

4th.—Visited the old Catholic Mission Dolores. The buildings are adobe; the rafters tied on with thongs of raw hide, and large tiles for roof. All looked ancient and now covered with moss. The church of same materials. It has three bells, one large and two small, (larger in the centre) hanging on the gable end of the building. I understand the interior is highly finished and decorated, but having no one to introduce me, I failed in seeing it. On visiting the graves I saw no dates on the monuments earlier than 1833; the latest was 1859.

5th.—Took steerage passage on the new iron steamer *Champion*, of 1,850 tons burthen, for Acapulco and Panama. At 10 o'clock, A. M., the gun was fired and we got under way. In crossing the bay the vessel rolled very much, so that many were sea-sick. Although I never had experienced sea-sickness, I soon found I could very easily have a spell; but I laid down in my berth and the nausea left me. After that I felt no more inconvenience. I then went on deck and walked backward and forward for some time. A dense fog covered the bay, so the bell was frequently rung. After the steamer had gone about a mile or more, she was stopped; either from signal or otherwise a boat came off from the wharf, and upon reaching the vessel six men were taken ashore. It seems they had not paid their passage. After all the care taken, one man secreted himself and arrived at New York without paying. Now the dinner bell has sounded. Our victuals are placed on a table hung on hooks, so the rolling of the vessel will swing the table back and forth. Our meal consists of hard sea biscuit, sweetened tea, (or rather hot water,) and cold boiled beef.

6th.—All the passengers seem some-

what better this morning. The sun breaks out occasionally. At 7 o'clock, precisely, our breakfast is announced. Well, it may be the drawings of coffee, sweetened with molasses, which, having passed through the first and second cabins, is now given us to drink. Potatoes boiled with the skins on, boiled beef, raw mush and molasses, and hard biscuit. Notwithstanding a gale is blowing, at 12 o'clock precisely our dinner is brought on, consisting of beef soup, hard biscuit, potatoes and warm boiled beef. The table swings much, a row of passengers on each side holding on and swaying each way. Some hoggish fellows watch at each meal so as to be at the centre of the table, but "swash" the beef soup comes over them, which causes a titter in the crowd. At 5 o'clock P. M., exactly, the supper comes, consisting of "imitation" tea again, bad crackers, cold boiled beef and pork—salt as usual. As this will be the regular fare until reaching Panama, I will not note unless an addition or subtraction is made.

7th.—Vessel under sails, on a side wind; sailors often aloft, either reefing or handling sails. Breakfast: boiled crackers and cold beef, saved from former meals, and called by different names, such as "chow-chow," &c. It was good for those whose teeth had failed. To-day the passengers feel more cheerful, as their sickness has abated. We saw three humpback whales, at a distance, spouting. For dinner, cold beef, nearly raw.

8th.—Sunday. A young man wanted to hold a meeting in the second cabin. He asked my opinion; I observed to him that we belonged to the steerage; the passengers of the first cabin had control there, the second cabin passengers in their cabin, and so on to the steerage.

My advice was to speak to the Captain, who told him, as he belonged to the steerage, to hold his meetings there. So the matter ended. He went around distributing tracts. To-day reminds me of the monotony of the plains; no vessel being in sight. Dinner: minute pudding.

9th.—Still on our way. Some clouds. We have passed several schools of porpoises, jumping out of the water, one after another; reminding the beholder of a flock of sheep jumping over a fence. To us the scene was amusing. They were from four to six feet long. Of their "blowing like a porpoise," it is nothing but a whizzing sound caused by passing rapidly through the water, near the surface. For breakfast, in addition, we had a mixed dish which I shall call "hotch-potch." Rice and molasses and beef broth for dinner. Met the steamer *Uncle Sam*. We are now nearing San Lucas and Marqueras. Passed a number of pelicans, a shark and a whale.

10th.—This morning we passed through two schools of small porpoises and near a school of five whales. Now passing the Gulf of California. 1,272 miles from San Francisco. Dinner: bean soup.

11th.—Wind moderate. We came on more rapidly last evening. Raw meat, to-day, which we threw overboard. The meanest set of cooks on board this vessel. If we do belong to the steerage, there are many who are gentlemen and have talent superior to some power whose duty it is to see that passengers of every part of the vessel are well treated. It is not the coarseness of the food that the passengers complain of, but the mean manner in which it is cooked or got up. When pickles are brought, some, like hogs, snatch off a quantity and others do not get a taste. So of potatoes; some

pile them beside their plates, others get but one.

12th.—Passed a large fish; saw five whales threshing the water, making all foam again. More porpoises. A great change in the weather; hot as a Summer day, and Summer garments now worn. Passed a vessel at anchor; passed another vessel this evening.

13th.—We are nearing the port of Acapulco and all seem in a bustle, as if each one had business on shore; but no such thing to be thought of, as there was a strong probability of being left behind. Passing through a school of porpoises, We are passing through a strait, between an island and the main land; the space narrow and the water deep. On the main bluff stand the orange and lemon trees, loaded with their ripe fruit. On rounding the point to the left, going east, we came into a cove, where a number of vessels can ride at anchor in one of the best harbors in the world. Water deep close to the shore. A fortress with a number of guns, apparently of large calibre, commands the entrance. The sandy beach is shaded by cocoanut and other fruit trees,—bananas, &c. The houses that line the shore are built of adobes, many of them thatched with cane. The main part of the city, I am informed, lies beyond the mound. The sides of the rocky mountain seem covered with green shrubbery, even up to the top. West of the garrison is a handsome parade ground, studded with olive trees. It appears that in years past the buccaneers or pirates held this place. When in this harbor of the Pacific, they felt secure. But a subtle foe lay beneath them. A giant earthquake put his shoulders underneath them and gave them a hoist that put their vessels on shore and sunk the earth in other places,

thus putting a more effectual stop to their operations than vessels of Spain could do. The old hulks, I am informed, lie there yet, over the mound. We were soon surrounded by traders of a swarthy hue, in canoes and small boats; some rigged out in fanciful style, with an awning overhead, lined with white cotton cloth and ornamented with tassels; all ready for passengers ashore. A few embraced the opportunity and some were left ashore. Oranges, lemons or limes, bananas, boiled eggs, coral, shells, &c.,—each seller vociferating his wares; having a cord to throw on the vessel's deck and a basket attached. The price of the article is put into the basket and let down, then whatever article named is put in and drawn on deck by the purchaser. So trade goes on. Although so few passengers seemed to purchase, how soon those boats and canoes were emptied of their cakes and other commodities. Bullocks, with thongs of raw hide tied around their horns, close to the head, were driven into the water, swam to the vessel, to the number of eight or ten, there confined until one by one they were drawn on board and placed in a pen by means of a tackle. A rope was slipped around the horns, where the raw hide was fastened, then with a "ye-oh" up they came, until all were on board. Casks of water were tied together and floated alongside, a sling-rope put around, and "ye-oh" brought them on deck. There was a hole in the deck to let a hose down into the cistern in the hold, and the casks emptied into a large wooden tunnel attached to the hose. Soon all was drawn up and disposed of. Now friends must part. The anchor was raised with a "ye-oh," notice given for boats to disperse, bell rung, then what a scrabble among the natives to run down ropes and drop into their boats, and

among those on shore to reach the vessel. Here was bustle and anxiety. One said—"Now my brother is on shore, how will he get along?" Some had gone back into the city; they heard the bell, but too late. Coarse gunny-bags were left, to be filled with coal for the return trip. While the vessel was as at anchor, some natives were swimming around, watching, and whenever a dime was dropped into the water, they would dive after it, like a rat, and although they were some distance from where the piece was thrown, they never seemed to go deep, but would soon rise and put the piece into the mouth, from the fingers. These natives of olive cast were lightly but cleanly dressed. A few wore palm-leaf hats and slippers. The divers of course were "dressed in nakedness." Soon the engine began to move gently, and every boat was out of reach, making for the shore. Some of those who went on shore succeeded in reaching ropes and getting on board, the others must wait for another vessel. If some of those fevers prevailing here should seize them, how dearly would they pay for their temerity. After getting out of the harbor the gun was fired and we were on our way again. Extremely hot day. Passed a large whale.

14th.—A gale has sprung up and the vessel rolls considerably. We are crossing a gulf. Dinner: boiled salmon. Dishes thrown about and overboard by the rolling of the ship. Some good done by the gale. Those hoggish fellows beforementioned, by a sudden lurch of the vessel, received a shower of hot coffee. Nothing will cure a hog, not even hot liquid; so it is with the two-legged swine. The gale increases, so that we had to eat sitting about the deck. Sail taken in; heavy sea. Many sick again.

15th.—Wind still high and vessel roll-



ing. Flying-fish skipping along. Head wind. Passed shoals of small fish, I do not know of what kind. No water or cup to drink with at meals; hard crackers and nothing to soak them in.

16th.—To-day, as before, scalded corn meal for mush, and still thrown overboard. What advantage is it to keep such a miserable set of cooks? We may have hogs on board, but not all, and such will not eat scalded corn-meal. Gambling is still kept up every night, and a bar is kept, where a vast quantity of liquor is sold. A man on board said a watch and thirty dollars had been stolen from him last night. A contribution was started and three dollars raised for him. He charged the steward with the robbery, who drew a knife, but others interfered, and thus the matter dropped. Weather clear, wind light.

17th.—Pleasant sailing—fair weather. No ships in sight. Flying-fish skipping along. A whale in sight. A Mr. North-up sent me a piece of soft bread, and this he has done several times before I knew from whose munificence it came. The sea water looks bluish to-day. An island lies near by. Passed a school of porpoises. Passengers are requested to meet in the second cabin, to express their respects (!) and have the same published in the *Herald*, New York, and another paper in San Francisco. I cannot say what I have to say, when so much of our food was so meanly cooked that it was thrown away.

18th.—In sight of land, this morning. Passed a school of porpoises, also a small coasting vessel, a short distance from land. Now passing a rocky island called Gibraltar, covered with trees. Passed a school of porpoises, and a great number of curious snakes, eighteen or twenty inches long, with yellow bellies spotted

with brown, swimming on top of the water. Passed a large shark, eight or ten feet long. Also a large island covered with timber.

19th.—Weighing baggage, and preparing to cast anchor. Drawing near Panama. Passed a vessel this morning. Some rain last night; warm weather. Head wind. Passed several islands near shore. Several whales spouting. Now cast anchor. A large old scow has been brought out by a small steamer to take off the passengers. We are all stowed in a dark hold, with little or no light; yet all are glad to leave the vessel. Oh! how we long to lay over for daylight, but that cannot be. We are hurried on board the cars.

20th.—We arrived at Aspinwall, on the Atlantic side of the Isthmus, at 4 o'clock, A. M. The people were waiting for the arrival of the *Champion's* passengers; some with cakes, some with shells, some with toy trunks, profusely covered with shells; others with cocoanuts, lemons, oranges, limes, bananas, figs, pine-apples, or coral, each vociferating the kind and quality of their wares. As the Atlantic steamer was to start at 7, A. M., each one was industrious to sell all he could. "Good massa, buy pretty shells," &c. So "good massa" had to look quick on each side, hardly knowing where to look, the din was so great. One cried—"Cheap and good meals at four bits." Another—"Here they are eight bits." A darkey pointed to a building—"Meals at four shillin' an' fuss-rate." We asked if four-bit house was good. He said—"fuss-rate," and snatching a satchel, led the way at a rapid pace, a number following after. We sat ourselves down to a table laid with clean dishes. Fried eggs were on our table, so I commenced eating. Yams

were brought on and I commenced eating them, with the eggs. Some were plucking and cooking chickens, and all went on like wild fire. It was "Eliza" here and "Eliza" there, so "Eliza" did not know where to go first. Two old women were wringing off fowls' heads, others plucking feathers; some at table were swearing bitterly for more provisions. I whispered to those near me to keep quiet and attend to the eating and let others do the jawing. As we kept "Eliza" busy, she had little time to attend to the other table. Some began to leave, refusing to pay, so the gate was shut, but the customers were jumping over. Police was called for, but no police appeared. Some paid, others fled without paying. Some had just tasted the food, but had to pay six bits or remain caged up for a longer time than wished for. Some paid two bits. We had been promised a meal for four bits, but no get off without six, so we paid and cleared; but we had kept still and eaten a hearty meal. We now had time to look over the articles for sale on the stands. One man, who had tried to show himself on board the vessel, stepped up to a stand where a rather homely native woman was exhibiting her wares, remarking—"I believe I shall take that woman for a wife." She merely looked up and replied—"I presume you can, sir." He sneaked off, the laugh was against him, and he was still enough afterwards. The steamer's bell now rang for passengers to show their tickets and get on board. The *Northern Light* soon had her anchor raised, steam on, and sails raised, as the wind was somewhat of a side-wind.—Gun fired, and we were off. Breakfast ready:—Mush, molasses, mackerel, hard biscuit, cold meat, and coffee. We soon left the shore of Aspinwall. Dinner:—

fried beef steak, rice, molasses, gravy, crackers, butter and tea. Supper:—crackers, butter and tea. Squalls, with showers.

21st.—Steamer much steadier than the *Champion*. This morning we passed two islands, one called Old Providence. Frequent squalls. I noticed a number of the nautilus or Portuguese man-of-war, with their legs or fibres hanging down, the top out of the water looking like a beautiful flower. I saw none in the Pacific. Dinner: beef, pickles, meat, and hard biscuit. Supper: crackers, beef, butter, &c. The cooking was good.

22d.—Sunday. Wind moderate, but ahead. We are now in the Gulf Stream. Many are on deck. Whisky-drinking active. Much has been brought by passengers from San Francisco. Passengers are forbidden gambling or playing with cards, so we see that good order can be maintained if officers attend to their duty.

23d.—Head wind all day. Passed the island of Cuba, within a few miles of the light-house. A vessel ahead of us, Passed San Antonio. Passed two vessels at noon, also three more on the right and three on the left. There are two ahead, four on our right and more on our left. Passed seven vessels while asleep.

24th.—Several vessels in sight this morning. Wind high and ahead all night and this morning. We were amused to-day. We had pea soup for dinner, the vessel was rolling, and our "swine" took another bath. Hurrah! for old Neptune, once in awhile he knew how to do good in his own way. We are now passing Cape Florida.

25th.—Vessel rolling; weather moderating. Passed Charleston light-house last night.

26th.—Gentle breeze, side wind, two sails up. Passed through a school of porpoises. Passed quite a number of jelly-like substances, floating, called blubber. Passed a vessel; "E. E." on her flag. Showed her latitude and longitude, our captain corrected it, and went on.

27th.—Cold wind from the north. Passengers are shivering with cold, bundling up, and going below. Last night something raked along the vessel's bottom, as if she was passing over the top of the mast of a sunken vessel. Passed three vessels this morning and through a school of porpoises. Wind ahead and cold. Passed a barque and some other vessels.

28th.—Off Jersey shore. On deck again. Wind light and weather fair. Arrived in New York City about 11 o'clock, A. M.

29th.—Sunday; spent in Albany.

30th.—Reached home, at Seneca Falls, this evening. My circuitous route, from Seneca Falls to Seneca Falls again, by railroad, over the plains, mountains, &c., and by steamer, is 9,111 miles.

31st.—I meet my old citizen-friends, who congratulate me on my improved health and condition.

### CONCLUDING REFLECTIONS.

I can see a particular Providence over me throughout my journey. On the plains, where there was danger, not only from Indians, but still more from rascally whites, painted, who, for debt or crime, have fled to Salt Lake City and joined the Mormons, and are there ready to lead on the savages. At Chinatown, in getting immediate employment. While on the Sierra Nevada, when there seemed no ray of hope, means were in progress for my relief. The kindness of JOHN SCHMIDT, who not only gave me five dollars and several days' provision as a parting blessing, but the use of his name, as he was known even to San Francisco. Also two gentlemen, who jointly pledged themselves, unknown to me, to make up any deficiency in money I might need. Another, from Carson Valley, watched to see that I arrived safely home. All this for a stranger!



A "GRIZZLY."